

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

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This Number contains the following Special Articles :

GERMANY'S WORLD - WARNING (Second Instalment):

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI'S LATEST.

(Specially Translated and hitherto unpublished.)

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BERNHARDI'S LATEST WARNING.

The first part of this work hitherto unpublished in England appeared in last week's "Academy." It dealt with such subjects as "International Law is a Fiction," "The Entente must be Smashed," "Great Britain is a Declining State," etc.

Notes of the Week

By Land and Sea

THE war news of the week is wholly satisfactory. The Germans in Belgium are already realising that the capture of Antwerp has merely enabled the Belgian forces to take their place and make their influence felt with the Allies. Considerable progress has been made on the Allied left, and there has been some sharp fighting not merely around Lille and other places, but in Belgium itself. Official reports still show that the Germans are having the worst of it, though it is to be feared at heavy cost to the Allies. Gradually but surely von Kluck is being forced back. The Russians have a heavier task in the neighbourhood of Warsaw than at first appeared, and progress in both Poland and Galicia is as stubbornly disputed as in France. The greatest event on the Russian side this week has been the Tsar's courageous abolition of the State monopoly in vodka: an event which will revolutionise alike the social habits of the peasantry and the national finances. It will make for a new Russia. At sea there has been renewed activity. Captain Fox, who was in command of the unlucky *Amphion*, has had his revenge. He found four German destroyers off the Dutch coast, and to quote his own words, "Sunk the lot," after a brisk engagement in which he had only five men wounded.

Stirring Dispatches

Two long and intensely interesting dispatches from Sir John French were published on Monday. They deal with the battle of the Marne and the siege-battle of the Aisne. The character of the fighting, by day and night, is sharply illustrated by the fact that between September 12 and October 8 the casualties amounted to 561 officers and 12,980 men. It will probably appear

to the careful student of the Field-Marshal's story remarkable that the losses were not more heavy. The Germans made many and desperate attempts to break through the Allies' lines, and we gather from the official record that the accounts given by some correspondents have been in no way exaggerated. It is a narrative of magnificent heroism, patient endurance and military skill which will if possible make England more than ever proud of her fighting men. Even the Kaiser must now have reason to modify his view of "the contemptible little army." Fine as the story is, perhaps the most thrilling moment in the weeks covered by the dispatches was that when, on September 5, after the trying retreat from Mons, General Joffre told Sir John French that the time had arrived to take the offensive. That moment was big with the fate of nations.

Professors and the War Gospel

British scholars have taken a hint from the British Churches and have answered their German brethren. "It is the duty of learned men to make sure of their facts," the representatives of British learning point out, and they "grieve profoundly" that "under the baleful influence of a military system and its lawless dreams of conquest, she whom we once honoured stands revealed as the common enemy of Europe and of all peoples which respect the Law of Nations." How just is this crushing indictment every reader of the new Bernhardt which is now appearing in THE ACADEMY will realise for himself. Germany's methods of education have made her a world enemy. As Dr. Starkie pointed out in a remarkable address in Ireland on Saturday, "Kultur" has turned out docile and obedient millions, victims of a régime which destroys individuality and initiative. It has been a crime in German Poland to speak Polish. Imagine Germany in possession of Quebec or the Transvaal! How long would French or the Taal continue to be spoken except in secret? The "cultured barbarism of the German professors," says Dr. Starkie, "is the curse of the world," and with him all will hope that the war will result in the extermination of the "Kultured" professors who preach the diabolical gospel that force is necessary to spread German civilisation throughout the world.

German Espionage

What a people we are! Here we have been at war with Germany for nearly three months, and we are discussing the question whether or not Germans should continue to be employed as hotel waiters. Would any other country in the world tolerate the employment of alien enemies in any position, to say nothing of one where they are especially well-placed to learn what they wish to know? The *Evening News* has rendered national service in sticking to its demand, night after night, that the German waiter must go, and the *Daily News* is a national menace when it protests against the agitation because it may rouse national passions. Such a protest is cosmopolitanism gone mad. What, we should like to know, is the position of any British subject who was in employment in Germany at the time war broke out?

Germany's World-Warning

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI'S LATEST.

TRANSLATED BY J. ELLIS BARKER.

II.

ENGLAND'S FOREIGN AND ANTI-GERMAN POLICY (*continued*).

England's policy aimed successfully at involving the European Powers in mutual wars and maintaining among them a balance of power. The Continental Powers were to balance each other in such a way that none of them should be able to take a part in world politics. These were to remain England's monopoly. That privileged position, as long as it lasted, enabled England not only to exploit the whole world, but allowed Englishmen to consider themselves as the predominant race—a form of conceit which is characteristic of Englishmen, wherever met. Things altered of late. Most European Great Powers acquired colonies and built up navies which, combined, are stronger than the English Navy, especially Germany, the United States, France, Russia, Italy, Japan, and lately Austria. The absolute and world-wide naval supremacy of England became a thing of the past. It was not impossible that several States would combine to fight England. At first England endeavoured to protect herself by the two-Power standard, by creating a fleet stronger than that possessed by the two second strongest Powers combined. However, soon it appeared that even wealthy England was not able to maintain a two-Power standard, and to provide the men required for manning the ships. Besides, it became clear that even the strongest English fleet could not maintain England's power in all parts of the world.

Since the time when Japan had built a strong navy and had destroyed the Russian fleet, the possessions and the commerce of Great Britain in Eastern Asia could no longer be protected by English ships. In case of war, England's colonies and commerce in Eastern Asia might have fallen to the Japanese who ruled the Asiatic seas. In order to protect herself against all eventualities, England was forced to abandon her isolation and to strengthen her position by alliances. Great Britain became Japan's ally, bringing her into a position of financial dependence, in order never to experience the hostility of the Japanese fleet, but to be able to use it for her own protection.

She found it impossible to draw into the sphere of English interests the United States, her most dangerous competitor for naval supremacy. Only quite lately her attempt to conclude an alliance with that country under the cloak of a general treaty of arbitration failed completely. England was therefore all the more eager to strengthen her position by alliances in Europe. In the first place, it was important to prevent every possible combination of superior naval forces by making them serviceable to English interests. Besides, it was desirable to strengthen England's position in case of a quarrel with the United States. Lastly, it was probably also considered that those States which might serve as allies should offer guarantees that they would not build up fleets able to compete with those of England. These considerations were, of course, not openly avowed by the British Government. At the same time, one cannot doubt that they proved decisive.

At the same time when the necessity of an alliance with other Powers was felt by England, the States on the European Continent were divided into two hostile camps: the Triple Alliance, and the Dual Alliance composed of France and Russia. England had the option of joining either group. She chose to join the group hostile to Ger-

many, and from her point of view she probably acted wisely.

Germany is, after the United States, Great Britain's greatest economic competitor. In South America, in Eastern Asia, in Africa, and in the Near East German and British economic interests absolutely collide. Besides, German enterprise and German industry prove frequently superior to English throughout the world. It is in England's interests to destroy Germany's competition. That attitude is understandable from the purely commercial point of view. It is still more natural if one considers that among the nations of Europe Germany is the ablest, that it possesses the greatest power of expansion, that it is likely to become a maritime Power of the first rank, and to acquire on the Continent a predominant position likely to disturb England's policy of the balance of power.

In any case, the further increase of Germany's power meant that England's position as a World Power would be jeopardised. Germany was all the more dangerous as, in alliance with Italy, she opposes absolutely England's policy in the Mediterranean. France and Russia, on the other hand, threaten in no way England's predominance in shipping and in the world's trade, as far as one can see.

The French nation seems to have arrived at the utmost limit of its physical development. Neither as a colonising nor as a maritime Power is France likely to become dangerous to England. Besides, Great Britain and France have arrived at an agreement with regard to their colonial policy. England's relations with Russia are not unlike those with France. Although the abiding interest of both States in the Near East and in Central Asia are opposed in many points, an agreement has for the time being been concluded between them, abolishing friction between the two States. Both are likely to co-operate unless irreconcilable differences should arise in the Near East. Again, Russia will scarcely ever be able to become dangerous to Great Britain as a Sea Power. On the other hand, France and Russia seem very able, in conjunction with England, to keep down Germany. France is Germany's mortal enemy. Her policy aims chiefly at revenge for her defeat of 1870-71. Russia has certain interests which bring her into opposition with Germany. She naturally desires to obtain predominance in the Baltic on the one side and a free entrance to the Mediterranean on the other. By that policy, she comes naturally into opposition with the Powers of the Triple Alliance. To Germany the predominance in the Baltic is a question of life or death, and the maintenance of a powerful Turkey a question of the utmost importance. Austria cannot tolerate Russia's predominance in the Balkan Peninsula, and Italy would find it disadvantageous to see a new naval Power arise in the Mediterranean.

It is not necessary to prove that the opening of the Dardanelles to the Russian fleet may conceivably become dangerous to England, threatening her position in Egypt and the route to India. Still, England considers this danger not to be one of immediate importance and has resolved for the moment to co-operate with Russia in order to get rid of Germany's competition.

When England decided to ally herself with Russia and France, she did not only consider the necessity of keeping down Germany and preventing her further political development, but had also to consider means for destroying the German fleet. We cannot deceive ourselves on this point. The ultimate consideration of British policy has, since the mighty development of the United States, been the question of Anglo-American relations. England sees in the United States her only real rival for the domination

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of the world. As the danger of an Anglo-American war is immeasurably great, she seeks to be on friendly terms with the great Republic as long as possible. The differences between the two countries are so great, that England must constantly calculate with the possibility of an Anglo-American war. The relations of England and America towards Canada, and the problem of the Panama Canal, furnish sufficient inflammable matter: they may lead to the most serious differences between them. In case of an Anglo-American war, England would naturally desire not to have a powerful fleet, such as the German fleet, in her rear, for it would tie the English Navy to England's shores. Therefore the German fleet must be destroyed—that is the Alpha and the Omega of British policy; that is the necessary and logical consequence of the Triple Entente; that is the thread which leads us through the labyrinth of English diplomatic actions and relations. It would be folly if we allowed ourselves to be deceived on this point. The maintenance of English naval supremacy, at least in the Old World, is, in England's view, indeed possible only if the German fleet is destroyed. Germans must calculate with the fact that England strives to destroy their fleet.

It is difficult to offer an opinion as to whether England would have been wiser to arrive at an agreement with Germany, and whether it is in England's interests to arrive at such an agreement, even at the present time.

(To be continued.)

An Open Letter to Admiral Lord Charles Beresford

MY LORD,—When, ten days ago, I heard that you were publishing your Memoirs, I ventured at once to ask the Editor of THE ACADEMY if I might make the book the occasion of an open letter to you. His answer was to send me the two volumes which have been turned out for you by the firm of Methuen. It is a delightful book, and you will not perhaps object to my curiosity if I say that I am wondering whether the inspiration to write it was your own, or came from your wide-awake publishers. Whichever happy thought it was, I may be permitted to congratulate you on embarking thus successfully on purely literary seas, and from the chapter in which you provide the younger admirals with some very useful hints as to their whole duty towards their subordinates I gather that other efforts are to come from your pen.

The secret of your success, whether as writer or seaman, is, no doubt, to be found in your versatility: you are an Irishman, a sportsman, and a politician, as well as a sailor, and the breeziness and courage which recks not of consequences when duty calls or objective is in sight, are as apparent in your book as in all you have done, whether in pursuit of game, in charge of a *Condor*, a *Safieh*, or a Channel Fleet, or in addressing either the House of Commons or a big public meeting. Why is it that sailors and soldiers, men of action first, are so often such excellent scribes? We writing men could not (though some of us at times set forth our views as though we thought we knew all about it) return the compliment by taking our place

on the bridge and going down to the sea in charge of a ship. If writing failed us we should not be able to earn a pittance in any other capacity than that of the man before the mast (the old metaphors carry most meaning); whereas, if the sea failed you and your kind, you would not find much difficulty in securing literary preferment. This access of modesty is not the result of reading your memoirs: it always comes when I take up records of voyages, seamen's letters, Hakluyt, Captain John Smith, volumes of personal reminiscences, whatnot, in which the sailor tells us what he has done and gives us his views of things in general. The fascination of such a book as yours is, no doubt, largely to be accounted for by what I can only call the psychology of the vasty deep. The buoyancy, the fleeting mood, the power, the restfulness, the activity, the wonder, the freedom, the bondage, the joy of life, all go to make up an atmosphere which somehow you manage to impart to your pages. You remember John Smith in his *Seaman's Grammar* describes the taking of a prize. The captain roars: "Every man to his charge! Dowse your topsail to salute him for the sea; hail him with a noise of trumpets! 'Whence is your ship?' 'Of Spain; whence is yours?' 'Of England.' 'Are you a merchant or a man-of-war?' 'We are of the Sea!'" The passage might stand for the motto of your book, "We are of the Sea!" A Kipling, a Corbett, and a Beresford rolled into one might give us an essay which would elucidate some part of the meaning of those magic words.

All the old spirit rings through your pages, which carry us from the noblest of sailing vessels right down to the most modern of Dreadnoughts. How you loved the ship which in your young days was pretty much what it was at the time Nelson fell! Again I turn to John Smith: you and he are separated by 250 years, but I cannot read your Memoirs without hearing another passage from the gallant prize-taker of the seventeenth century. The sometime captain of the *Condor* only needed to find himself in the proper twentieth century conditions to shout: "Boy, fetch my cellar of bottles! [This is not intended as a qualification of or reflection on a page in your book in which you tell how you inculcated temperance, and a dear old lady wrote to congratulate you on giving up the vile habit of drink.] A health to you all, fore and aft! Courage, my hearts, for a fresh charge! Gunners, beat open the ports and out with your lower tier, and bring me from the weather side to the lee so many pieces as we have ports to bear upon him! Master, lay him aboard luff for luff! Midshipmen, see the tops and yards well armed, with stones, fire-pots, and brass balls, to throw amongst them before we enter; or, if we be put off, charge them with all your great and small shot; in the smoke let us enter them in the shrouds, and every squadron at his best advantage! So, sound drums and trumpets, and SAINT GEORGE FOR ENGLAND!"

That is the spirit which I find embodied in you; it is the spirit which has made you the dare-devil patriot

we all know you to be, prepared to face the enemy guns as you have faced the official guns when you severed red tape and convention in the interests of reform. I hope I shall not be trenching on ground that had better be left unturned if I say there is a strong feeling in the country that it is a pity you are not somewhere on the high seas at this moment to give the Germans a taste of your quality. This is in no sense a reflection on the splendid fellows who are doing great work, whether in sealing up the German fleet or in dealing with German destroyer or German cruiser wherever one can be found. It is written mainly in sympathy with you that you are not able to have a shot at them with some portion of the fine fleet to whose efficiency you have contributed so much, too often without recognition to say nothing of reward. That question apart, may I say that I think few things you have done will redound more to your credit, or will secure you a larger measure of the esteem of your countrymen, than your Memoirs. I am afraid I took them up, as many others did, expecting to find the Beresford view of certain lively controversies stated with all the Beresford directness and bluntness. Instead, your book is a model of good nature. Bygones are bygones, and you have even a generous word for those from whom you have differed so sharply. Such a book might easily have been a colourless chronicle, leavened with an occasional anecdote. As it is, it is very much alive, very full of colour, and very informative, and carries, moreover, a whole supercargo of good stories, all, may we trust, *ben trovato*? Certain small slips as to date or fact were perhaps inevitable, and are of no consequence. The book, as a whole, is a tonic, and merits the commendation of the reviewer, who adapts Admiral Seymour's "Well done, *Condor*!"—"Well done, Lord Charles!" With your Irish farmer friend I shout Hurroo!

I am, your Lordship's obedient

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Walking in Autumn

BY BART KENNEDY

It is delightful to walk along the country roads now in the restful coolness. The glare and the heat are gone, and the warmth that comes from the shine of the sun has upon you a grateful effect. The rains, too, have laid the dust of the roads. No longer do rushing, sounding cars appear and disappear in a cloud. The road is more your own than it was in the dry, summer heat. The clouds above you have become sharper in outline and greyer in tone. In the wind is a freshness.

Yes, things are more silent. For autumn is a time of silence, of softly dying away. The leaves come gently down and down from the tall trees. There is a ghost-like quietude in their falling. The birds seem to have all but gone. Rarely do their voices come to you. You may walk steadily now, mile after mile, without feeling fatigue. The golden shine of the sun is

fuller and deeper and softer, and more kindly. Of all the times for walking in the country, autumn is the best. The quietude of the surrounding life that is falling into sleep soothes you. The rains have given to the road a softness and resilience. You feel no jar as you step easily along.

Save for the sharper outline of the clouds above, there is about the surrounding scene a sense of vagueness. Things soften one into the other. The tops of the trees no longer trace themselves so clearly against the sky. The falling of the leaves has marred the sharpness of their lines.

But in the trees live beautiful, softening colours and shades. Your eye can almost note the move of their actual changing. Colour is resolving into colour. Shade is resolving into shade. A slow-moving symphony of colour is weaving in the trees. Walk along this road to-morrow, and your eye will define the actual progress of the change.

It may be to you there will come a sense of low under-music in this changing of the shades and the colour of the leaves. A slow, strange ghost-music that the outer ear hears not, but that lives vaguely behind. For music is vibration that is harmonious, and the changing of the colour of these leaves is giving forth a subtle, beautiful message of sound that is to be perceived but by the inner spirit sense. All things are sounds. The world and the sun and the stars beyond and their worlds are sounds. We ourselves are sounds. We are vibrations that are living and passing. And the things that are in harmony with us are things of music. Sunsets and beautiful pictures and all beautiful things are music. The changing of the shades and the colour of the leaves is part of the infinite music that sounds out to and around the stars.

Afar off the wind organs through the trees. It comes and comes. And here are the leaves flying and whirling and falling. They are on their journey into another life, into another phase of change. They will lie, and the life that is in them now will disunite and pass into other life. What man calls death is but a wonderful and magical transmuting.

The shine of the sun is gone, and into the sky has come a deeper greyness. And up yonder is a cloud dark and heavy. Rain may come, but you fear it not. The walking of the miles along the road has given to you a warmth and a power.

The rooks fly heavily and evenly through the air. At times their harsh voices break out. It is as if they belonged to the autumn greyness. They go and go into the distance—dark, ominous, sinister, croaking birds. They live in clans, and for ever they are passing in the greyness above you—dark, ill-omened flying clans going evenly through the air. They are as birds from some dim underworld.

Suddenly you heard a swift whirring. A partridge has risen near by. It whirs and whirs, and now it is out of sight. It was up in a flash as it heard your step along the road. It was afraid. But here from the hedge there comes the pipe of a robin. This bird

is not afraid. You stop and look at him, and he looks at you. His eye is full of an insolent and disdainful intelligence. It is as if he knew all about you and what you were worth in the scheme of things, as if he felt that at the very least he meant as much as you mean. Which is surely true enough. Man passes as other things pass. He means neither less nor more. The world will still revolve when man is gone, even as it revolved before he came. This robin, with the beautiful red-shielded breast, is even as you are in the sight of God. And for man to think that he is of more import comes from an egotism that is based mainly upon his power to destroy.

The threat of rain has passed. The sky has cleared, and the soft shine of the autumn sun again comes forth. It shimmers the leaves with gold as they come falling out into the road. It lights up the face of the river you see winding in the distance. It glints the spire of the little church of the village that is away off yonder. There comes now the sound of the church bell. It floats over the fields—a sound full and soft and golden. It comes to you from the distance, and goes into the distance beyond you. The sound of the bell of a little church where people kneel and worship God! Calm and mysterious and impersonal is this sound that is living in the surrounding air, as if it lived for all, as if it meant all. A voice out of the heart of things.

A figure appears in the distance upon the road. It is coming towards you with a slow gait. The road is clear now, and the distant figure gives to it a sense of loneliness.

A man. A man with clothes old and worn and a desolate air. You are near to him now, and he stops and looks in the direction of the little church. Is it that the sound of the bell awakens memories in this forlorn traveller upon the road? This man who is going nowhere. Does the bell bring up the past to him—the past before he was reft from ties and kin? You pass him, and he passes you. He is gone from you. Gone into the mystery behind you.

It is now on in the afternoon, and you are still going along. The light of the sun has taken on a deeper softness. A greyer tinge is in the sky to the east. And heavier clouds are forming. A coldness is coming into the air. And upon you is a sense of fatigue. You have walked for hours through this autumn day.

Here is the turn of the road that leads to the village that is your destination. And after a while you see the houses shrined as it were in the midst of the trees. The

sun is now a red globe, near to the line of the horizon. Here at last is the inn. The inn with the great blackened oaken rafters that are centuries old. A cheerful fire of logs is blazing in the old fireplace, for these autumn nights are chill.

You enter and rest.

Humour in the Trenches

BY FRANK A. CLEMENT.

DAY by day, as letters come in from our men at the front, we are made aware of the incorrigible cheerfulness of the British soldier, and of the fact that he possesses a sense of humour that nothing, not even a trench full of water, can effectually quench. Every letter opens with heavily censored descriptions of the hard marching and the harder fighting, of the privation, the suffering, and the glory. We get glimpses of the agony through which the invaded towns and villages of France are passing, and of the great kindness that is springing up between our army and the people of the country. Then, oftener than not, comes the story of some escapade full of light-hearted fun, or some happy jest at the expense of the enemy, sometimes at the expense of the writer himself. It is curiously characteristic of our soldiers, this keen sense of the fun of things, this Mark-Tapley-like habit of being jolly under circumstances the most depressing.

We have it on excellent authority that to get through life comfortably we need an abiding faith in Providence or a strong sense of humour. To get through war—we may not say comfortably, for war and comfort are strangers, but with as little discomfort as possible—both faith and humour are needed. Happily our soldiers have both, and in overflowing measure; an abiding faith in the ultimate success of every war we wage, and a humorous idea that in venturing to oppose us our enemies are necessarily and always making the mistake of their lives. What would the Kaiser give for Tommy's psychology, were it marketable and could it be transferred? Would he give Krupp's? Perhaps not, though it would be more than worth it. When Germany made a "military machine" of her manhood she lost touch with reality, for a machine may have strength, but may never have faith or humour; and, more important still, though such a "machine" may forge the valour of its component parts to an iron discipline, a cheerless fear will always follow upon even a temporary check. A broken machine is broken indeed! As a matter of fact, the

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great German machine, which was to cut such a figure before the world, is being treated by our irreverent Tommies as a figure of fun.

Take the famous howitzers, in which Germany has, or had, such faith. These majestic engines of war were presumed to have a double value in that they not only shattered fortifications to dust, but also had such devastating effects upon entrenched troops that they should, the Germans fondly believed, put terror into the hearts of all against whom they were used. Obviously one would say that such weapons would inspire, if not alarm, at any rate respect; and, at first sight or sound or shock, it would hardly seem possible that the shells which reduced the great forts of Liège to rubbish heaps could be anything but the objects of the supremest awe. Unfortunately for Germany, the British Army is not easily awed; and instead of writing to their friends of the great German shells with fear and with wonder, our soldiers refer to them flippantly as "Black Marias," as "Jack Johnsons," and even as "coal-boxes." Again, the attack in massed formation is supposed to have staggering effects, both morally and physically, upon the attacked. But again, unfortunately for Germany, her idea of the moral and physique of her opponents was false, and we have it on unimpeachable authority that, when the British infantry first saw the Prussian Guards advancing to battle, as if battle were a parade, one irresponsible Tommy exclaimed ecstatically to his mates, "Oh, this is real jam!" Now, it is upsetting to a nation which founds its warfare on text-books to find that its most adored of tactics is welcomed by the enemy with happy shouts of flippant and even ribald joy. No doubt many of the stories now circulating are apocryphal, but most of them are *ben trovato*, and deserve to be believed; for, even if their facts are dubious, their spirit is the real thing. Whether or not a British regiment really rose from its trenches, with blackened faces, and swept upon the panic-stricken enemy with cries of "Walla! walla!! walla!!!" we cannot say. But if the idea occurred to it, we have no doubt it did and would. We are not convinced that at a simultaneous shout of "Waiter!" from the British ranks the whole German army rose and disclosed its position; but we feel in our bones that it ought to have done so to an appeal that ought to have been made; and the story is quite in keeping with the fine sense of fun our men are displaying. Of course, fun is not everything; but when it is backed by the uncompromising valour of troops that hurl back every attack and work through, and "do not stop either," cheerfulness is an asset of immense value; as "Old Von O'Clock," as General von Kluck is being irreverently called, knows to his sorrow.

Happily the enemy has no sense of humour. We say "happily" because we value cheerfulness so highly as a military quality, yet it is primarily due to his lack of humour that the Prussian has become a public nuisance, and that the menace of militarism has overshadowed mankind.

Our Village in War Time

BY A WOMAN OF KENT.

THERE are only two topics of any interest in our village this week; they are knitting and Belgian refugees. Even knitting takes the second place, although all are enrolled in the army of Queen Mary's workers, and are obsessed with the stream of recipes which pours in on us, for socks with or without heels, for cholera belts and cummerbunds variously so called, recipes which differ as the stars for method, and for magnitude from that of a lusty infant to a well-developed Hercules.

All the village knits, since women alone count as units at the moment; the men left to us rank merely as providers, or are aged grandsires; on the women of the community devolves the task of attending to the army abroad and looking after the refugees at home. A contributor to THE ACADEMY pointed out that, if the war attains to no other good end, it will have compassed one in drawing together all classes in a common interest. We in our village heartily endorse that statement, for the present social standard is governed by the production of the most perfect belt or the most rapid knitting of a pair of socks.

But recently these interests have paled before the new topic. We are to have a group, which may consist of more than a single family, of refugees, to own as our individual and communal possession. To those who live in town or near the centres of military training this may seem a small thing. To them the outward manifestations of a state of war are everyday occurrences. To us, to whom they are known only by hearsay, it means actual contact with this great struggle whose inception and progress we have watched with breathless interest, with those who are its victims, while at last we shall have definite objects on which to lavish the pity and enthusiasm we have been storing up. Nor can townsmen appreciate our difficulties. In any city it is easy to beg or hire an empty house, to fit it out and collect money from an existing fund to defray expenses, finally to install a party in it without any definite sacrifice or personal share in the proceedings. In our village conditions are altogether different. For years we have been faced with the housing problem, and an empty cottage or farmhouse is as rare as butterflies in May. A week ago we had given up the hope of possessing our particular family of Belgians as impracticable. Only personal sacrifice and enthusiasm now make it possible.

One of our number, whose family has grown and scattered, and three of whose sons are fighting by land or sea, has offered certain rooms in his house if we will undertake to "manage" and maintain the occupants. In addition, we have discovered a dilapidated cottage, capable, with repairs, of housing a peasant family; one of us has unearthed a cooking stove, another a bedstead, and so on, until we are fairly assured of sufficient furniture to make it habitable. This we propose shall be run entirely by the village. No gift or

subscription shall be too small. The repairs, we hope, may be done gratis, and food subscribed in kind or money as preferred. Thus all will have an opportunity. There are details which are pathetic. We have heard of many instances of women arriving as expectant mothers, and we desire earnestly to be sponsors to a little Belgian born in our village. The sympathetic committee in town have this behest at heart and have promised their warmest support in the matter. Already tiny garments have been looked out.

Dictionaries and French books play a part in our lives. Some of us have been to town and visited these unfortunate people, and regretted keenly our want of fluency in their beautiful languages, which makes us appear so much less understanding than we really are. Already we are gleaning information from those fortunate enough to possess a Belgian colony in their village. Some of the knowledge gained is consoling, other the reverse. All speak of their courage, their beautiful cleanliness, and the indomitable spirit with which they express their intention of making their desolate land flower again into prosperity. Others tell of difficulties to be surmounted, owing to their strange language and mode of living, of curious situations arising from their unfamiliarity with our food, such as the authentic case of a bladder of lard, rescued in the nick of time from going into the pot as an English vegetable! Every villager is impressed by their volubility, their habit of gesture which only his sympathy presents him from denouncing as theatrical, and in some instances especially by their piety which induces them to take long walks through unknown country to a Catholic chapel for faithful and regular worship. Here we are inclined to take our church-going lightly—more as a good custom to be observed on fine days and festivals than as an intrinsic part of life. Heresy of any description has been looked on with suspicion; chapels are politely ignored; but it is a new experience to be brought into contact with "them Papists." From small beginnings great results often proceed, and how far the insularity and narrowness of village outlook may be broken into and widened by the advent of these strangers remains to be proved.

The magnificent work done by the Refugees Committee in town is so well known by this time that comment is superfluous. It should be borne in mind, however, that this work can only be carried to its conclusion by the co-operation of the people of England. Day by day these victims of injustice are arriving at our shores in thousands. It would need the pen of a Dickens or Zola to do justice to the scenes enacted at railway stations and in the reception departments of the London offices. To an outsider it is chaos. To assort to such a medley of classes, ages, numbers, differing needs, a *temporary* refuge is a superhuman task. It is only by the efforts of individuals and communities that permanent homes can be found for them. In our village it is the brightest spot in the dreary waste of war that we should be privileged to care for even one family.

REVIEWS

When East Meets West

With Poor Immigrants to America. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

TO mix with the lowly, to learn from the humble, seems always to be the aim of the author who gave us "*With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem*,"* and now writes so interestingly of the poor immigrants to America. Though not unkindly treated during his tramp from New York to Chicago, and many times offered work, Mr. Graham contrasts the difference in the treatment of a man trudging with his pack along the American roads from that meted out to the wanderers in the land of the Tsar. In the country of hurry and bustle every one is required to "make good"; those who are not up and doing are looked at askance, as of no use to the hustling, restless community. Russia is attracted by weakness, by the cripple, the poor, the fallen; no one has to ask twice for a crust from a peasant. He will gladly share his last with any beggar.

Britain, Mr. Graham places, doubtless justly, in the mean. He says:—

Despite the blood relationship of the American and British peoples, they are more than an ocean apart. We receive without much thanks American songs and dances, boxers, Carnegie libraries, and plenty of money for all sorts of purposes. But our backs are to America; we look towards Russia, and are all agog about the next Russian book or ballet or music.

So it seems must ever the eyes of the nations be turned towards the East; for, although America is so anxious about herself, and takes life so very seriously, trying by all the means in her power to force her people along the paths she has mapped out for them, it is to the Old World that her people come when they have made their "pile." It is at London, at Stratford, at Paris, at Rome that they buy treasures centuries older than their civilisation. This in itself is sufficient to prove that with all their boasted industry and attention to business, all their vaunting of the power and sufficiency of the democracy, there still remains something outside and beyond commercialism and the power of the vote which has escaped their vigilance, and this because of that very vigilance. They strive and struggle, trim and get into order everyone and everything within their grasp. Repose to them is idleness, a dreamer but a loiterer on the way. They come to Europe and "do" so many places in a limited number of hours. The idea that money and a commercially successful life is not equal or superior to culture, custom, and tradition—so well conceived in Mr. Henry James's "*The American*"—they cannot grasp at all.

Unfortunately the whole world is at present experiencing the terrible result of a cast-iron system, the horrible military system of Germany, worked utterly regardless of the individual and without taking heed

* Reviewed in THE ACADEMY, September 20, 1913.

of history, which always has and always will repeat itself. Let America take heed that in her pursuit to accomplish great material gain, in her desire to make of living, throbbing human beings, machines of toil, she does not stunt or kill their souls. She may make tins for meat of a uniform size, may, by means of her almost perfect machinery, complete her manufactured articles in the shortest possible time; but with a few exceptions, not requiring all the fingers of two hands to number them, where are her poets, her writers, her musicians, her dancers other than rag-time contortionists? Where there is no vision, the people perish, and, as Mr. Graham points out, each man is so drilled to act like a machine that the drilling enters into the fibre of his being to such an extent that his language and thought follow the rhythm of his day's labour, thereby dwarfing any personal desire or ambition he may have for something beyond his daily task.

War Books

The British Army from Within. By One who has served in it. *The French Army from Within.* By "EX-TROOPER." *The Reality of War.* By MAJOR STEWART L. MURRAY. *Cavalry.* By GENERAL F. VON BERNHARDI; with an Introduction by SIR JOHN FRENCH. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. net each.)
PAN-GERMANISM. By ROLAND G. USHER. (Constable. 2s. net.)

WE have read with much pleasure the vivid little book on our Army, written by one who has evidently seen much service both in peace and war. The author notes that the British Army of to-day is in such a state of flux that definite statements are of small value, and he sensibly devotes his attention to giving his readers a good all-round idea of the work of the various departments of the Service, its duties, humours, and problems. He notes that there never were such opportunities for the keen recruit as at the present time, and that whereas obedience pure and simple was once the rule, obedience with intelligence and a certain amount of initiative is now in request. The chapter on "The New Army" brings the information right up to date. Sections describing musketry and artillery training betray the expert. All who are interested in the art and craft of soldiering should read this capital volume through—and as everybody now admits that interest we predict for it a wide popularity.

The contrasts between our forces and the French troops are well indicated in the next book. "Ex-Trooper" knows his subject thoroughly, and defends the French Army from too-readily made charges of dowdiness and lack of smartness, pointing out that there is not much difference in the final test between English and French. The main variations lie in the matter of training, and in the fact that a conscript army whose members serve for only a short period has to be managed in a special way. The infantryman, says the author, in civilian life "may have been a peasant, a street arab, a student

of philosophy, a future President of the Republic—it is all the same on the 1st of October, for now he is simply a conscript with two years' military training before him." Many tributes are paid to the skill of the French gunners, and to the fine marching qualities of the troops—also, we may add, to the cooks. "There are two ways of cooking a potato in the British Army to twenty in the French Service, and there are savoury dishes which to the British soldier would be but mystery." These two books make an admirable pair, and should really be read as complementary.

Clausewitz, who was present at the battle of Jena, and, after varied service in many campaigns, became Director of the Military School at Berlin in 1818, wrote much on strategy and war, and it is as a "companion" to his writings that Major Murray intends "The Reality of War." Mr. Hilliard Atteridge explains the position in a brief editor's preface, and we have found the book a really fine treatise, full of matter most valuable to any who discuss the present military situation. Useful notes upon the changes that have taken place since the days of Clausewitz—railways, aviation, telegraphs, and so on—are added. With this volume might be bracketed Bernhardt's "Cavalry." Sir John French, in a preface compact with experienced comment, deals with the action of cavalry in the Boer war, and although the pages that follow are more suited to professional soldiers, they are not too complex to be uninteresting to the student.

Mr. Usher's book is one of the best and clearest explanations of the political and economic positions of Germany, France, and England that we have seen. It states the delusions of Germany excellently—the idea that our colonies would fail us, that our Empire is a weak fiction, etc.—and sums up judiciously and impartially the impressions of each country concerned, showing the relations of the Balkan Crisis and other dangerous periods. The author is to be congratulated on the lucidity and notable style with which he has attacked this difficult problem; his success in adjusting the importance of the various points is remarkable.

We have also received "How Armies Fight" (Nelson and Sons, 1s.), a capital description by "Ubique," with maps and diagrams, of the course of a modern battle—first published in 1903; "The War Lord," by J. M. Kennedy (Frank and Cecil Palmer, 7d.), an interesting collection of the speeches, letters and telegrams of the Kaiser which throws a vivid light on his character; "Brave Belgium," by Dr. Angelo Rappoport, a six-penny booklet from the same publishers, giving a brief account of the history and people of the oppressed country; and "In the Firing Line," a fascinating compilation by A. St. John Adcock from the actual letters of men at the front. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s.)

Mr. William Stone, chairman of the Albany Trustees, has recently erected a tablet commemorating the residence of Lord Macaulay in 1847 at the Albany, Piccadilly.

Fiction

The Achievement. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

OPINION will be somewhat divided as to Mr. Temple Thurston's new novel. There is a great deal of the familiar Thurston, the excellent storyteller who seizes every opportunity to digress into a little homily which, to some of us, is among his charms. Dicky Furlong is a subject after his own heart. What it is that is wanting we are afraid we cannot quite tell. It is psychological, not material. We have enjoyed "The Achievement," and have here and there felt that we were getting peeps into the inmost soul of the writer himself. Take this passage: "To create but one thing, a man must know somewhat of all things, wherefore the artist woos the experience of emotion as ardently as he woos a mate. Love, passion, lust and suffering, all these and a thousand others unconsciously attract him as the web of a spider calls a fly. To touch emotion, at whatever cost, is as instinctive in him as the will to breathe. He plays with fire all his life, conscious, no doubt, of the good to be achieved, yet burning his fingers, risking his soul in the furnace, since that fire alone is the element with which he works, the power that melts all metal for his shaping." The novel is a masterly study of the artistic temperament and of the effect of woman in various embodiments on a particular artist. Its end is more melodramatic than seems entirely in keeping with the Thurston manner. This perhaps accounts for the doubts which assail the Thurston lover as he puts down the book.

The Theatre

"Forget-Me-Not"

IF it were not for the war we doubt whether we should be expected to enjoy such a play as Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Bernard Merivale have wrought out of that social melodrama which Miss Genevieve Ward endowed with life in 1879, and made a world-wide success for thirty years or so. The new version presented at the Little Theatre in aid of the funds of the War Refugees Committee is clever in its candidly theatrical way. The old puppets rise, revitalised by the skill of the authors and the brilliance and cunning of some of the actors, and yet Stephanie, Sir Horace, Prince Mallcotti, the mysterious Corsican—how old they are, how completely informed with the conventions of the 'eighties! Stephanie, the subtle, cruel, captivating Marquise de Mohrivart—how sweetly wicked she is, how ill-used, and how splendid she is made to appear by the gifted Miss Miriam Lewes! The Marquise says to her admirer at a certain mechanically dramatic moment, "Do you like the scent of my forget-me-nots?" We fancy he owns that he does. This is a typical piece of dialogue, for we believe the

little flower in question has no scent. The play, and the woman bearing its name, possess no divine aroma either, no touch of truth, no fragment of human feeling or reality. We presume that the cares of the present time have suggested to the management that artificiality will best serve as a relief; thus we see again the stage figures and plots of a generation ago and appreciate them as though they were really and truly works of art.

Mr. E. H. Kelly and Mr. Ben Webster are content to act their old and stagey parts after an antique theatrical convention. But Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry makes the wild, highly-strung Corsican lover a quite possible and picturesque boy—a welcome reality among a long train of impossibilities. Since his excellent performance in "The Doctor's Dilemma" Mr. Terry has done nothing so interesting and fresh—the improbability of the characterisation is not his affair. "Forget-Me-Not," with all its old-world peculiarities, is of interest to many lovers of the stage.

EGAN MEW.

1914.

I.

TO FRANCE.

O France, fair France! Land of the free,
The home and shield of liberty!
Fear not the savage ruthless Hun,
The bloody Teuton's race is run.
For hark the tramp of myriad feet—
The world's in arms thy foe to meet.
Fight on in brave Gambetta's name,
Fight on for France's deathless fame!

II.

TO AMERICA.

Arise, Columbia! speak the word,
The soul of France is in thy sword.
That debt you owe to mem'ry yet,
Remember France and Lafayette!
In halting accents Wilson speaks,
While Freedom's outraged spirit shrieks!
Remember France! she shall not die,
The Martyr of her Liberty!

III.

TO ITALY.

And Italy, the land of song,
Canst thou forgive the Teuton's wrong?
Canst thou forget the Austrian threat,
Or turn aside from Freedom yet?
The sons of Garibaldi stand,
The heroes of their native land.
True to the death, by land and sea,
Thy Banner flies to aid the free!

H. GILHAM.

"Academy" War Acrostics

CONDITIONS

THERE will be Six weekly Acrostics. Prizes of £3, £2, and £1 will be awarded to those who are first, second, and third on the list with correct solutions. One point will be awarded for each correct light. The Acrostic Editor's decision on all questions, whether appeals, ties, or division of prizes, must be accepted as final.

Answers should reach THE ACADEMY office not later than the first post on the Wednesday morning following the date of the paper in which the Acrostic appears, and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE ACADEMY, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Sixth of the War Series)

When war is dead, and strife shall cease,
And we shall live again in peace,
Then many countries we have known
Will lose what they possess to-day,
And have a heavy price to pay,
In altered frontiers, thus shown.

- (1) If such be found, on battle ground,
To make a man or two look round,
For active service they're unfit.
The point, though clear, may not appear
To plain civilians, I fear,
Of value. Still, I mention it.
- (2) William the Bomb-dropper, Master of schemes!
But what sort of monster now troubles his dreams?
- (3) This well defines the Kaiser's chase
Of kingship over every race.
- (4) From Germany—it comes that distance—
A British unit of resistance.
- (5) Hath curiosity not always cursed
All women from the very first?
She, through it, evils spread on earth,
And ills and wrongs were given birth.
No sadder thing the world befell
Till Wilhelm raised the lid of hell.
- (6) Of continents the least. (We laugh
At one man's hopes of claiming it!)
'Twill take two centuries and a half
Ere you succeed in naming it.

E. N.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC

Floating dangers, ever shifting,
Fraught with deadly menace, drifting!
In the name of "Culture," say,
Are these methods "war" to-day?
Are they souls of men uplifting?

- (1) Fanatic intemperate! surely we've got
Amongst us some German ones, here, on the spot;
And I think you'll agree—if you don't, then why not?—
That the best thing to do is to banish the lot!
- (2) If we chance to meet reverses,
Face them bravely, not with curses;
What, in short, we're getting at is
That's the thing to do now, that is.
- (3) Should One of These on this presume
To flout the world, It seals Its doom.
- (4) "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit
before a fall."
"Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can
render a reason."
- (5) "A place in the sun!" was the cry of the Hun,
But he meant to be Monarch of this,
Of sea, and of air, and of everywhere!
But his plans have gone somewhat amiss.
- (6) A mollusc, thin though be its shell,
Gains some protection; and 'tis well
That Brussels has a Burgomaster
Who, shell-like, saves it from disaster.
But if of him, at last, bereft,
There's not much of the mollusc left.
- (7) One way to mend Kluck's broken wing
Would be to find new feathering.

- (8) A child of Night, who won't forget
To make the Kaiser pay his debt.

- (1) Z e A (lot)
- (2) E I (i.e. reversed)
- (3) P owe R
- (4) P roverb S
- (5) E art H
- (6) L I (max)
- (7) I m P
- (8) N emesi S

Notes.—No. 2. *Id est*, "that is" (i.e. "in short"). That the light is to be reversed is clearly indicated.

No. 4. *Proverbs* xvi, 18; and xxvi, 16. "Seven men that can render a reason" has a singular significance when we remember that the Rulers of England, France, Russia, Belgium, Japan, Serbia, and Montenegro are allied.

No. 5. The genus *Limax*, or true slugs, have a small, flat, oblong shell, enclosed within the mantle, on the anterior part of the back. "Max" is the name of the Burgomaster of Brussels.

No. 7. Imp—"to insert a feather in a broken wing."

No. 8. Nemesis, according to Hesiod, was the daughter of Night, and regarded as the Avenger of wrongs.

Solutions to No. 4 ("Rank File") were received from Anvil, Bill, Bor, Chutney, Foncet, Geomat, Glenshee, Kamsin, Ko, F. C. Moore, Nelisha, Nemo, Ocol, Sadykins, Sajoth, Sutton, W. J. Tiltman, Morgan Watkins, Wilbro, Wrekin, and Zeta.

MOTORING

IN the prompt rendering of first-aid to the wounded the motor ambulance has already demonstrated its unique value in the field of operations. It is interesting, therefore, to know that steps are being taken to place the British Expeditionary Force in a state of greater efficiency in this respect. According to *The Autocar*, Mr. Arthur du Cros, M.P., on behalf of himself and friends, has made a proposal to the War Office to provide, equip, and maintain in a state of efficiency during the campaign a Motor Ambulance Column, and the proposal has been submitted to Sir John French, who has, we understand, gratefully accepted it. The column is to consist of 54 vehicles, comprising 39 ambulances, each capable of carrying four stretchers; two travelling workshops for the execution of running repairs; three officers' cars; and ten motor cycles, to work between the firing line and the field hospitals. A similar scheme is, we understand, in active preparation in connection with the Indian Expeditionary Force. Great credit is due to Mr. du Cros for his energy and activity in this matter, and it is to be hoped that his example will be followed in other influential quarters, as there is practically no limit to the extent and value of the work which can be accomplished in this direction.

Notwithstanding the fact that 250 of the cyclist-patrols employed by the Automobile Association have gone to the front, the "road" services rendered to members do not appear to be appreciably diminished. There are fewer men on "point" duty, but the patrolling department of the organisation is maintained in its customary state of efficiency. Motorists, therefore, who may have been deterred from joining the Association at the present time on account of the depletion of the force of patrols may rest assured that the facilities and advantages enjoyed by members when on the road are to all

intents and purposes as great as ever. The total membership, by the way, is now well over 90,000.

Among the British makers of light cars, the Belsize firm has for a number of years had a reputation for the introduction of models designed to meet new requirements, and for innovations, more or less drastic, in the designs or equipments of those models which have a definitely established popularity. The announcement of their annual programmes at this time of the year are, therefore, always examined with more than ordinary interest by the motorist of moderate means. We are informed that the scheme for 1915 comprises three models only—the 12-h.p., the 15.9-h.p., and an entirely new 10-h.p. model which is being listed, complete with five detachable steel wheels and electric lighting, at £195. The most notable feature in this new departure is in the engine, which shows no sign of any valve cover and no external piping, the valve tappets and stems being enclosed in the crank case. The standard body is a roomy two-seater with folding dickey seat.

THE RED CROSS AMBULANCE FUND

THE British Red Cross Society has recently made an urgent appeal for a large number of motor ambulances. We have decided to inaugurate an "Academy" Fund for the purchase of one of the Napier Red Cross Motor Ambulances, similar to those now being regularly supplied in large quantities to the British and Allied Governments. The cost of these ambulances, completely equipped for service in the field, is £625, and towards this we have received conditional promises amounting to over £100. Full particulars will appear in our next issue.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE general public seem to think that the financial arrangements of the Government were well conceived and had a magnificent effect upon the City. All I can say is that the general public are completely wrong. The effect of the financial arrangements has been to chloroform finance. Now, no one can work when they are under the influence of chloroform. No doubt it is an excellent drug to allay pain, and for the moment it allayed the acute agony we suffered during the panic. But everyone knows the after effects. We are all as sick as we can possibly be. We are disinclined to do anything. Indeed, we are incapable of action.

The world's exchanges are still refusing to work, and even with the United States, where we should be doing a large trade, it has been necessary to send Sir George Paish across to see if he cannot arrange matters. I am quite certain that he will have a nice trip, and probably arrange a good deal of business on behalf of his late newspaper, *The Statist*. But I am equally certain that he will not be able to arrange the exchange.

Germany, although her export trade is suffering, does not seem to be seriously incommode in any other way. I have talked with many intelligent foreigners who have just returned from Germany, and they all say that to all intents and purposes the position appears normal. We know that it is not normal, but we also know that it is nothing like so bad as people imagine. Our Government should have taken a leaf out of the German book and established banks in every town for the purpose of making advances against securities and commodities. It is not easy to find out how much currency Germany has put into circulation by this means, but we do know that the Reichsbank has issued about two hundred millions of notes. I am assured, and the *Economist* confirms this, that the recent war loan was a great success. All the statements in the hostile newspapers to the effect that the savings banks and other people were forced to subscribe were quite untrue. No one was compelled to subscribe, and the only thing that the Government did towards making the loan a success was to make advances to those who wished to subscribe.

It is absolutely necessary that we should ourselves issue a war loan very quickly. The Government has made another new issue of Treasury Notes, but it cannot possibly continue this rotten system of finance. A country whose revenue is pouring away acts in a dangerous manner when she borrows on short-dated notes. It is merely piling up debt which it will be most difficult to repay when it falls due.

What is Chili going to do with regard to the fourteen millions of gold that she deposited in the German banks in Berlin? It will be remembered that some months before the war broke out she insisted that this gold should be transferred from Berlin to London. This was done, but the money remained in the Great German banks in Lon-

don and was really only a book entry. Instead of being at the credit of the Chilian Government at the Deutsche, the Dresdener and the Disconto in Berlin it was placed to the same credit at the same banks in London. But Chili still remains without her gold. In my opinion she stands a poor chance of ever seeing it again.

The international position seems likely to be further complicated both in the case of Holland and Switzerland. Lloyd's did a large business last week in insurance against war between Holland and England; as much as 25 per cent. premium was asked. I do not believe that there is any danger of such a war, because Holland relies on her East Indian possessions for the bulk of her profit, and she knows quite well that if she joined Germany either England or Japan would seize Java and Sumatra within a few weeks. Yet there were plenty of people who paid twenty-five guineas per cent., and paid it gladly. Lloyd's are making a fortune out of this present war.

In the case of Switzerland the position is different. The first and second reserves have been called up, and the third reserves have been told to make ready. It is believed that Germany intends to violate the neutrality of Switzerland in order to get behind the French in the South. The Swiss Army is supposed to be a very efficient body of first-class rifle shots, but it is believed that German gold has been at work amongst some of the most important leaders of the army.

The Brazilian refunding scheme has now been issued by Rothschilds, and is practically on the same lines as the 1898 scheme. It is simple, and provides for the exchange of coupons for funding bonds. It will probably go through without any difficulty.

There have been no new issues this week except the Hammond Manufacturing Company, which has a capital of £100,000, divided into 150,000 7 per cent. preference shares of 10s. each, and 100,000 ordinary of 5s. each. The preference participate in 25 per cent. of the balance of the divisible profits. The ordinary presumably go to the promoters. I imagine that the scheme has been evolved from the fertile brain of those who run the Provincial Cinematograph. The idea is to make toys and take advantage of Germany being at war to capture the trade. Whether Captain Mears is a toy-maker I do not know, but the scheme is distinctly speculative, and has been attacked in many newspapers, notably by the *Financial Times*.

I notice that the advertisement of the Hammond Company does not appear in this paper, and this reminds me to say that I think those responsible for the insertion of financial advertisements have thus given further proof of their incapacity to understand what advertising means. Again and again I see advertisements inserted in gutter rags that to my certain knowledge have no circulation at all, and are neither reputable nor literate, whereas first-class weekly papers do not receive orders for such advertisements. This is one of the most disagreeable features of City life.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—As your reviewer in his rejoinder to my letter has impugned my accuracy as a collector of facts, I trust you will see the importance of printing this, not only in justice to me, but to the department of comparative mythology which in recent years I have attempted to popularise.

If your reviewer had carefully perused the preface of my "Myths of the North American Indians" he could have remained in no doubt regarding my indebtedness to the Bureau of American Ethnology for much of my material. I am aware that with a certain type of modern reviewer not to have collected the material of myth by one's own efforts condemns a writer to a charge of want of originality. If that is so then Professor Frazer, Andrew Lang, Professor Marrett and the very authorities quoted by your reviewer must be placed in the dock beside me, for none of these authorities collected the myths upon which they comment by their own personal inquiries. But who is your reviewer? A person who notices a work dealing with American mythology in the columns of such a journal as THE ACADEMY should be somewhat of an authority upon the subject himself. What are your reviewer's credentials in this respect? Is he in the habit of pitting himself against those who have made a lifelong study of certain branches of mythological science with the obviously meagre knowledge at his command? Let us hear what he has accomplished before he denounces the work and the capabilities of other people.

But the chief cause of complaint I have against your critic is that he attempts to show (and he is not alone in this) that American myth must of necessity owe its origins to Asiatic, European or African sources. This pernicious doctrine is at present in course of strangling much otherwise worthy effort in the sphere of modern comparative mythology, and so far as American myth is concerned I have been its strenuous opponent. I am not, however, one of those fanatical persons who deny all merit to the hypotheses of my opponents, and I frankly admit that certain American myths have been imported. But that all of them, as your reviewer would seem to imply, or even the bulk of them, either originated from non-American sources or were even sophisticated by them, I strenuously deny. Your critic asks if I have read the Sumerian creation (not "creative") myths. If he had seen "The Dictionary of Non-classical Mythology," of which I am part author, he would have noticed them represented there, and would also have observed some twenty pages devoted to American creation myths. Or had he perused my many articles on American mythology in the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," especially in Vol. III, he would not have put such a self-satisfied query? But had he further examined my several works on Mexican and Mayan mythology he would have found therein an adequate reply to the theory that American myth was imported. Mexican and Peruvian myth cannot possibly have been sophisticated because of the complete isolation of their originators, and as they agree absolutely in type and otherwise with the myths of the North American Indians, the original nature of the generality of these latter tales is thereby proved beyond question. Your reviewer is particularly unfortunate in his selection of the tales regarding the rabbit, as seeming "to smack of the negro stories enshrined in 'Uncle Remus.'" The rabbit as Michabo or Manabozho is one of the oldest figures in American Indian myth, and the tales relating to him depict him as a god, not as an animal gifted with powers of speech, as in "Uncle Remus."

If we grant that similar myths emanate from one source so must we believe that like customs and habits of life have a common ethnic origin. The Indians of Guiana live in houses built on piles driven into lake-beds, and use the blow-pipe to shoot fish. So do certain Melanesian tribes. Are we then to conclude that these peoples are ethnically related? Such a hypothesis as your reviewer's gives no credit for invention or originality to the Red Race. I could point to scores of American myths which have no counterpart elsewhere. The flood-myths of America for the

most part are strikingly different to those of any other portion of the world.

Your reviewer evidently concluded because I had written a "popular" book that I was a tyro in the science of comparative mythology. Consistency does not appear to be a virtue with THE ACADEMY, for on turning up some old reviews I see that in its issue of March 14, 1908, it expressed its views regarding my work as follows: "If this volume can be taken as a true sample of Messrs. Constable's series they can be highly congratulated. But though they have many contributors recognised as authorities in their several subjects, it is too much to expect that many of the volumes will reach the standard of Mr. Spence's. It is a model of sound knowledge, crystallised in an attractive form, and enlivened by original criticism."

Your reviewer does not require to instruct me where to look for references. He decidedly states that the Sioux garbled the myth of Persephone, if words mean anything at all, and from the very peddling nature of his criticism I cannot resist the belief that he has not yet won his spurs either in comparative mythology or in any other department of literature or science. His review of my book is couched in the style of the small and pompous person. As regards his criticism of my *dicta*, as he pedantically calls them—

"From him I'll learn to write,
Study his clear, familiar style,
And, by the roughness of his file
Grow like himself—polite!"

Yours truly,

LEWIS SPENCE.

GERMAN COMPOSERS AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—To what pitch the hatred of Germany and Austria towards England has reached is shown by the well-nigh incredible act of Hans Richter, the famous orchestral conductor, who has just "disowned" his honorary title of Mus. Doc. Oxon and Manchester, of which, he remarks, he has "hitherto been proud." I notice, though, that he has not at the same time returned any of the piles of money that he made during his many years' residence in this country! However reluctant we may be to do so—for we are a most magnanimous nation, and often carry our magnanimity to an excess—the time has surely come when German musicians must be treated in the same manner as they are now treating us. No one in his senses would, of course, think of boycotting the great German composers of the past merely because England is at war with Germany. They belong to all nations, and stand for all time. But we ought to draw the line at the living composers of the Fatherland, and leave them (for the time being, at any rate) severely alone. And this would certainly not entail any great sacrifice on our part, for with very few exceptions the composers living in Germany (and Austria) at the present time are not worth two straws. They nearly all compose what I call horrible music, and it is utterly surprising how it has come about that some of this detestable stuff has ever found its way over here. Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

October 11, 1914.

A QUOTATION AND INCIDENT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—My query occurred in this way. Nearly 50 years ago there appeared in *The Queen* a narrative which seemed to me incredible. It stated that a young lady eighteen years of age had recently been whipped at a ladies' school on the Thames for correcting a lecturer who ascribed the

quotation in question to Tennyson. She interrupted him and said it was by Mr. Matthew Arnold, for which she was chastised. I now find that the quotation is a genuine one, and that it really occurred in Mr. Matthew Arnold's writings, so that the story has a more plausible appearance. The whipping was stated to have taken place in the school-room. None of those present was likely to forget it, and if living none of the pupils would be over seventy years of age. I hope, therefore, to obtain some light on the truthfulness or otherwise of the narrative. Truly yours,

QUERIST.

BERNHARDI AND BELGIUM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The last issue of THE ACADEMY strikes me as a poignant, though probably unintentional, study in cause and effect. The new Bernhardi represents the cause; stricken Belgium and her splendid hero as King, to whom Carneades addressed a letter which will be widely approved, are the effect. Why, as you ask, have we remained deaf to Bernhardi so long? Yours truly,

Kensington, October 19.

H. E. T.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Roman Provincial Administration.* By W. T. Arnold, M.A. Third Edition, Revised by E. S. Bouchier, M.A. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 5s. net.)
- Hans Andersen's Tales, Vol. I. Goldsmith's Comedies.* Illustrated. (George Allen and Unwin. 1s. each net.)
- Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812.* By Edward Foord. Illustrated. (Hutchinson and Co. 16s. net.)
- Studies Supplementary to Stubbs' Constitutional History.* By Charles Petit-Dutaillis. Translated by W. T. Waugh, M.A. (University Press, Manchester. 5s. net.)
- Ainslie Gore.* By Major Gambier-Parry. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)
- Byways in Bookland.* By Walter A. Mursell. (Gay and Hancock. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Comedies of Plautus.* Translated by Sir Robert Allison. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 7s. 6d. net.)
- A Life of Nelson.* By John Lang. With 8 coloured plates. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Book Ways.* By Edith Kimpton, M.A. (Ralph, Holland and Co. 2s.)
- Asia.* Regional Geography Series. By Ellis W. Heaton, B.Sc. (Ralph, Holland and Co. 9d.)
- Catholic Diary, 1915.* (R. and T. Washbourne. 1s. and 2s. net.)
- John and Sarah, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.* By Stuart Reid. With an Introduction by the Duke of Marlborough, K.G. (John Murray. 16s. net.)
- Outa Karel's Stories.* By Sanni Metelerkamp. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Forty Years on the Stage.* By J. H. Barnes. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Book-Prices Current; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest; Cambridge Magazine. The Sphere; The Periodical (Oxford); La Revue; The Triad, New Zealand; Mind; Church Quarterly Review; The Athenæum; New York Times Book Review; Land and Water; The Optimist; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Bibelot; The Cambridge Magazine; Atlantic Monthly.

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FOOTBALL—RUGBY.—J. E. Raphael, Old Oxford "Blue"; English International

(1901-1905); Captain of English XV in the Argentine (1910); Ex-Captain of "Old Merchant Taylors" XV.

FOOTBALL—ASSOCIATION.—W. L. Timmis, Secretary of the Corinthians Football Club.

GOLF.—James Braid, Open Champion (1901-5-8-10).

MOTORING.—H. Walter Staner, Editor of "The Autocar."

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Professor I. Gollancz, M.A., Litt.D., F.B.A., University Professor of English Language and Literature, and Dean of the Faculty of Arts, King's College, London.

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